SHAUN (JACK) MALONEY

IWW Experiences, mid-1920's

Interview with Dave Riehle

July, 1997

Seattle WA

Mr. Maloney ...July 16, 1997, Seattle, Washington. This will be a review of incidents with Dave Riehle.

Mr. Riehle (unintelligible)

Mr. Maloney Yes. Now we're in business?

Mr. Riehle Yes.

Mr. Maloney Okay.

Mr. Riehle I thought I'd ask you first just how you got out to South Dakota.

Mr. Maloney You know, Dave, I'm hard of hearing.

Mr. Riehle Ask you first how you got out--just how you happened to get out to South Dakota and ask you when you left school and it must have been shortly after that that you were working

Mr. Maloney Same ear

Mr. Riehle Same ear? And then we can go from there, just (unintelligible)

Mr. Maloney Okay. Oh, I'm ready.

Mr. Riehle Okay, go ahead, turn it on.

Mr. Maloney What was the question?

Mr. Riehle What--when did you leave school?

Mr. Maloney I finished the 8th grade in 1924.

Mr. Riehle In Minneapolis?

Mr. Maloney In Minneapolis.

Mr. Riehle In May, I assume?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle In the month of May, I assume?

Mr. Maloney Uh, May or June, whenever the class ended is when I left. Now the year before, I had gone with my step-dad to a place called Cando C-A-N-D-O, North Dakota. He had worked up there earlier and he had a job running a steam engine. And I was 13. And he took me with him to go out there and I done the firing. It was a buffalo pit, 20-horse, double action, steam engine, and it burned straw. Seems kind of funny, but that's what they were made to burn straw. Otherwise, there was no fuel. Uh--North Dakota coal wasn't very good, straw was better, it was instant. So the following year, 1925, I had worked during the winter at Dayton Company in the delivery room, helping on horse and wagon. And when the summer come on us, I went out looking to

get a job trucking [?] and thrashing. And it was too early. They had a delayed crop so I went on bumming around and I got into

Mr. Riehle: Let me ask you, how did you get out there?

Mr. Maloney: Oh, rode the side door Pullmans, freight trains, the only way you could go then. There was no--I had no car then. And if it did, it would have been an old Model T Ford, and then I bummed my way on a freight train.

Mr. Riehle: Did you go by yourself or

Mr. Maloney: No, there was another guy with me, uh, Mickey Shoal (ph), he was a cousin to Marvel Shoal, although they didn't know it at that time. And he got disgusted and went back. And I kept going. We were on the Milwaukee Railroad.

Mr. Riehle: Do you remember what yard you got on at in Minneapolis?

Mr. Maloney: Oh, got on at Minneapolis, I forget now where the hell we used to catch them, but--and we went to one or two division points, and then we're in South Dakota.

Mr. Riehle: What did you take with you?

Mr. Maloney: Huh?

Mr. Riehle What did you take with you?

Mr. Maloney Oh, my bindle, I had a blanket and shaving gear.

Mr. Riehle Did you have any food?

Mr. Maloney Huh?

Mr. Riehle Did you have any food?

Mr. Maloney No, hell, I didn't have any food. I had a few dollars in my pocket and we weren't long enough on the road to learn to jungle up and carry all the rigging that you needed for that.

Mr. Riehle So Mickey got off somewhere and went back?

Mr. Maloney He got off in--I want to say Montevideo, Minnesota, but that might not be, it was on the railroad.

Mr. Riehle So that would be a division point on the Milwaukee

Mr. Maloney Well, that's where it was then. He left in Montevideo, they called it, out here it would be Monte-vee-day-o (ph) or something, and he left. And uh so it was a choice of going on or going up into Miles City. And I planned to go to Miles City because there was a pipeline going in, a gas pipeline.

Mr. Riehle — How did you know that?

Mr. Maloney — You hear it up and down the road, like anything else. Gossip. And you had to go to them jobs.

Mr. Riehle — So then you were on your own after Mickey left?

Mr. Maloney — Yeah. And I didn't go to Miles City. I went on the main line of the Milwaukee, probably because the trains weren't--I got as far as I want to believe it was Belle Fourche, South Dakota. And when I got there, they were building a spur or a siding, I don't know what they would call it, and I don't know where it was going, I can't remember. But I got a job there with the B&B gang, bridge and ballasts. They called them B&B.

Mr. Riehle — When you got to this town, you think it was Belle Fourche? You got off there

Mr. Maloney — Yeah--I got off and then I buzzed around--that's a little, small town. And uh I got word that they were hiring, but you had to go out to where the job site was.

Mr. Riehle — Let's stop a minute here and check the tape.

Mr. Maloney I guess it was a 2- or 3-mile walk, and that was no biggie then. And I got out and I got hired.

Mr. Riehle Who did you have to go see to get hired?

Mr. Maloney Oh, they had a little set-up.

Mr. Riehle A shack or

Mr. Maloney No, it was

Mr. Riehle A car?

Mr. Maloney ...it was an old day coach, one of them old wooden sided day coach. And it was made over partly into an office.

Mr. Riehle And you went to see the B&B foreman there?

Mr. Maloney No, I went to see the sup. And he says "yeah, you go down and go to work down there"

Mr. Riehle He didn't think you were too young?

Mr. Maloney No, I was about 5'11", I weighed about 150-55 pounds, and what the hell was there to drive a pair of horses?

Mr. Riehle That's what they were looking for? Someone to drive a pair of horses?

Mr. Maloney Well, that's the job I got. It was on a Fresno.

Mr. Riehle What's that?

Mr. Maloney It's a kind of a scraper. It's about 4-foot-5-foot wide, they're bigger if they got more horses. And it's got a big lever on it, instead of a slip scraper where you grab them by hand and hold them. There you grab a big long lever and pull it down and then you scoop up as much dirt as you can handle. If you go too deep it would throw you forward. If you don't get any, you don't get any. So you kind of got to gauge it.

Mr. Riehle And the dirt's going into a wagon?

Mr. Maloney No. It isn't a wagon, it's a big, metal bucket, pulled with a bale on it, and pulled by horses. No, it's to eliminate shoveling and you can grade with it. And that's what we were doing around a bridge and so on.

And they had a camp, it was hooked on to the --a couple of bunk cars and a cook car and a old car that they had water in. It wasn't a regular tanker. They had some upright barrels, you remember the old vinegar barrels they used to have? They were round and

they had big--every foot or so they'd have a bale and you could tighten them up.

Mr. Riehle This is new track that you were building?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle New track?

Mr. Maloney Yes, the tracks were ahead of us. It was really part of a track-laying gang. But we were coming along kind of around the bridges and everything, kind of squaring it up. And it wasn't a bad job. I mean, we didn't work 8 to 5, but you'd work a little and then they'd have to wait a little and you'd work a little more and drag a little dirt in and drag a little dirt out.

Mr. Riehle You were grading along the shoulder?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, on the shoulder.

Mr. Riehle Because the rail was already down?

Mr. Maloney The rail--the track was way ahead of us. The track-laying gang was a couple--a mile, anyway, ahead of us.

Mr. Riehle So you were dressing up behind them?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, on the bridges. They called them the B&B gang. The nickname for Bridge and Ballast. Sometimes they'd throw in big rock, 2-3 inches through the middle, they'd call it ballast to keep erosion--you throw the rock in on top. We didn't do any of that. They didn't have the rock there. That would come later. And--I don't know how they--I didn't stay there for that.

And I stayed there probably a month on that job.

Mr. Riehle Did you sleep in a bunk car?

Mr. Maloney Oh, yeah. We slept in a bunk car. And what horrible things they were. They were old boxcars that needed too much repair to keep them in service. So what they'd do, they'd take them into the car shops, or wherever, about mid-way from forward to aft they'd make a door. On the opposite side they'd cut a couple of little windows. And then they would try--if you stood for it, have men sleeping in there two high, one above the other, in a regular boxcar.

Mr. Riehle How many men would be in one car?

Mr. Maloney Well, let me think now, 2-3-5-10, always a minimum--if you had only a single bunk, 10 men. There'd be 3 or 4 bunks along that

side, and then a couple of bunks on one end and a couple of bunks on the other and the doorway in the middle. And they were pretty bad. Hot, no ventilation much, hardly screens enough to handle it, and the mosquitoes would bug you at night. When the bed bugs would quit the mosquitoes would start, and vice versa. And then you had a little sprinkling of lice for them too. That always went with it.

And they had a cook car and a dining car. And as I remember on that job, we went in the cook car, we had a tin plate and you stopped by the cook, kind of like a cafeteria, and he loaded you up. Most times, it was one entree a meal, except breakfast where you had a choice of mush and bacon--all pre-cooked, and ham, and eggs. That was about the standard. When you got into the dining car, they had a mess boy all right, but he was a combination mess boy and uh bull cook. He done the flunky work around the galley and helped the cook peel the potatoes and skin the carrots and stuff like that. Helped prepare the meal. And then he'd set the table up with bread, usually it was homemade bread, and the coffee can--they had cans for coffee.

Mr. Riehle To drink out of?

Mr. Maloney No, you had a tin cup. And you had utensils of course. And when you got through eating--it was all tin plates, and I guess it was all right except that they're tin, and if they get dented and scratched they rust, and there was always a squawk on that. And for that, they charged you 85 cents a day.

Mr. Riehle They deducted that from your wages?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, of course.

Mr. Riehle What were your wages?

Mr. Maloney Wages was--I was getting two and a half a day.

Mr. Riehle Minus 85 cents for the meals?

Mr. Maloney And blankets 15 cents. And a hospital ticket 10 cents. You paid that 7 days a week.

Mr. Riehle Every day you paid 10 cents for the hospital ticket and 15 cents for blankets?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, that's right. And

Mr. Riehle What was the hospital ticket

Mr. Maloney It was a gasser, it was a gasser, it was a rake-off for the superintendent. If you got sick or hurt they'd take you to town, pay you off and that was it. And let's see, some of the other bad points. Oh, we were always squawking for milk. There was plenty of milk around in the countryside, but there was no refrigeration and I don't know how the bull cook would go and get a can of milk for breakfast, 50-60 men, probably, maybe 40 to 50, that was the minimum.

Mr. Riehle 40 to 50?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, in that what do you call it _

Mr. Riehle Net gain?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. And I think they had 2 old boxcars, but they had the ends knocked out, you could go from one to another, and they had a mickey mouse gangplank in between, you know, covering the--they had a door one side or the other. And you ate--the table was not a table, it was a shelf for and aft with the boxcar. And they were on both sides. And I think there was about 2 cars that was used for dining car and if they needed anything else, storage for stuff that could be stored. And you took your tin tray and you went back to

the cook shack, they had a big--it was a garbage can, a GI can, you know, like that, 30-40 gallons, and there's part water in it and you'd throw your tin plate in there and the dishes went into another bucket, knives and forks. And that was it. And at night, a lot of nights it was hotter than hell and very little ventilation. If you let the doors--they didn't have screens on them windows and they didn't have screen on the door. If you did have it, it would cut down the circulation, screen impairs the movement of air. So those were always constant demands. And then, of course, the reason I got two and a half a day, the laborers--they called them gandy dancers G-A-N-D-Y, they were the laborers, and and I don't know where the name come from, and anybody that wasn't like me--I was a teamster. They had some carpenters there. And they didn't have any distinction. They ate and slept the same way we did. The reason they give you 50 cents a day more, they had no barn man, had a big tent. So you took care of your own animals. You got up in the morning and you made sure that they had hay and grain. At noon, you had to bring them in or when you were in they could eat in the manger if they had one, but most of the time you'd put a nosebag on them at noon. And at

night, then you'd tie them up and water them and give them grain and hay. And the reason they give you an extra 50 cents, I believe, on Sunday you had to take care of your animals, they ate 3 times a day too. So Sunday morning when the rest of the crew had a day off you had to take care of your horses.

Mr. Riehle The regular crew worked 6 days a week?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. Usually they took off on Sunday or if it rained too much.

Mr. Riehle Were they--where were the workers from? Were they local?

Mr. Maloney They were --no, there might have been some, but most of them was like me. Stiffs, they called them, traveling, work a few days and go.

Now, the catch was that if you quit, and this was pretty customary, Dave, of all them jobs, it was kind of an unwritten rule, if you worked there a few days and as the ~~robs~~ WOB's [?] used to say, get the wrinkles out of your belly and start squawking about the food, it's time to move on. When you come there and you're hungry, the foods good. After a few days, you start getting crummy, no showers. If you wanted to bathe you had to find a place--there was no showers, no bathrooms, and the question

come on toilets even. Where--when we were working we had about a quarter of a mile probably back and forth. And they had an old makeshift bulkhead out there with a piece of burlap around the outside and a little shelf you could sit on. But the track-laying gangs, they had different again because they'd keep moving. And they had no facilities. When you wanted to shave, along side of the cook shack there was a long shelf, it was on hinges and a chain, and when they moved they'd bring it up. And there was a whole bunch of tin or granite--they were kind of granite, you've seen them gray coffee pots, they would have a shelf, you brought your own towels, you got no linen, there was no towels and linen or nothing, no soap, no matches, you was on your own. And so when you wanted a shave, you had to bum the cook for hot water, and he was always growling, "God damn it, I won't have nothing left to boil the potatoes" and stuff like that. But you could do it.

To take a bath, you were on your own. And I want to tell you, when you're out there in that heat and that dust, you get pretty God damned crummy. And you perspire under your arms and across your face. No place on the job--that job wasn't big enough

for a water boy, so you had to go hustle your own water, and it started out cool in the morning, by 10 o'clock it was like coffee almost, hot--that hot. It was all--everything was tin, there was no crockery around.

So then--now if you quit, they'd tell you well, okay, you're quitting. You've got a week's pay coming, or if you want to draw up on Saturday night and go to town, they give you the story this is a railroad job and the railroad holds back 2 weeks and they pay every 2 weeks. So you had a 30-day shot with no money. So if you wanted to go to town or you wanted or needed something that you had to go to town for, you had to make a draw, and the draw was made from the timekeeper. But actually he was working for the sup and if you took money on that kind of a draw you paid 2 bits on the dollar.

Mr. Riehle To the timekeeper?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. He had a little thing--the superintendent was running it, because timekeepers come and go too. The superintendent generally stayed, it was a little racket. It was the same way if you quit. You sold your time to the timekeeper. They weren't

trying to beat you out of your pay, but you're laying around there waiting to get your pay or you sell it for 2 bits on the dollar. Now I heard of some camps, some jobs, where they only took 10 cents, but this one they were soaking you 2 bits.

Mr. Riehle So if you quit

Mr. Maloney If you quit, all right, if you got hurt, they took you to town and paid you off. I never got hurt, but I heard the stories. I wasn't going to get hurt to experience that. So they took you to town. What the hell do you do in town? You're on your own, you're injured. Where's the hospital ticket? Well, you've got to go to a hospital. There ain't no hospitals around to go to. You're injured, there's no unemployment comp, there's no medical plans or nothing. They were here today and gone tomorrow. Maybe there was laws that they had to do it, but who's going to enforce them? And I ain't alone, every guy that worked was exploited in that manner, Dave.

And that was --that part of it and when the track-laying gang, that was a different thing. I wasn't on the track-laying gang. But the track-laying gang, usually they had at the head end two

flatcars, usually, of rails. Right behind the flatcars and rails they'd have a car or two, was old cattle cars, they were already broken up. They'd have the ties in there cross-ways, they have a gangplank rigged up on the outside, couldn't be much because it wasn't permanent, they were moving. So they had behind the tie cars, then they had --well they were made up differently, but back there behind them they were on rails. They had a flatcar with them barrels on it for water and then they had a --I think it was a commissary, they called it, but I think it was a storeroom. Then there was the--I think they had a dining car or two and then the cook car, and then a dining car or two, but depending on the size of the gang. And then behind that they had another car for tools and crap. And then the sup

Mr. Riehle Superintendent?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, he had a car where he had his accommodations, his sleeping, and maybe he had a little facilities to shave and wash. But that'd be the only place. Outside you were on your own. And when you had to go to the pot, well you had to go back a little bit because there was no facilities.

Now, the tie buckers, they--I got a slip in Glady's thing, a little bit of explanation on writing, these were huge men, they--most of them I saw were 6'6", 250-300 pound men, they had to be.

Mr. Riehle How old were they?

Mr. Maloney Well, they weren't very God damned old. They were probably younger men, 30-35. By that age, after you got that old, that wasn't a good job for you.

Mr. Riehle Let's stop and check the tape here for a second.

Mr. ~~Maloney~~ Riehl The tie buckers.

Mr. ~~Riehle~~ Maloney Well, uh, usually they worked by the piece and the company--the job would have a little kind of a gangplank for them. And they'd walk up that plank from the ground had an incline on it, I don't remember it was stairs, it was planks with cleats, and they'd go in and pick up one of them ties and put it on their shoulder. Now the guys that were doing it regularly had a kind of a leather helmet that would protect their head and their shoulder and their ear. If they didn't have that, they'd make on up out of a couple of gunny bags and they'd pick that tie up on their shoulders. Them ties--a lot of them ties weighed a couple of hundred pounds. They

were 8-foot long, I imagine 8--they were rough cut, all of them weren't true, some of them had bows in them and stuff like that, and a lot of them were green, they were pond dry, as they call them, right out of water almost. Some of them were creosoted, but very few. And they put that plank, that tie, on their shoulder, they'd walk out, go down the plank, and walk ahead maybe 150-200 feet. Then they'd throw it down on the right-of-way. When they got enough ties down, 40-50-60 feet, some gandy dancers would take a rail off the car, there was a couple of them on the car, I don't know how heavy that track was, it wasn't [was?] great, big, heavy 100-pound to the foot, but 2-3 of them was up there and they had a kind of a set of tongs, and one would be on each side and the handle in between, and they'd pick it up and get it so one end would be on the ground, it would be balanced, and then they'd pick it up a little bit and as they went ahead a couple of other guys, and they'd walk it up on the ties that had been layed. And, of course, ahead of them, they also had Fresno's up there, kind of grading the track level to make sure

Mr. Riehle Was that the name of the company that made them?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle Fresno was the name of the company?

Mr. Maloney No, I think it was just a nickname. I think any of the big companies made them. They weren't that much engineering in them. You just had to cut the back end, add a blade across the other one there. The metal was bent, and it had a kind of a shoe on it, so when you dumped it you'd ride on these--I could sketch you out a diagram of it. And then they'd have what they called button setters. Then they'd have a line--a gang--not a gang, a couple of people that were engineers, I don't think they used so many instruments, they kind of eye-balled it, and then they checked it like in big buildings they have a class of people called plumbers, they don't--it's P-L-U-M-B-E-R-S--no, oh, I don't know how it's spelled, but they plumb the building, they get dead sights and they use instruments. I didn't see many instruments around. The engineers already slept [?] the grades. They were ahead of you.

And then these guys would kind

End side A

Begin side B

Mr. Maloney ...I don't think they used many tie plates, I don't recall. But they had other gandy dancers, they called them button setters.

Mr. Riehle What did they do?

Mr. Maloney They drove the spike into the tie that hold the rail. They had a spike that had a thing like that and it'd go on the rail. Maybe they had tie plates, but I don't remember seeing tie plates. Maybe they didn't put them in. And most rail's got tie plates. So they'd be one guy on each side of the rail and they'd use a top maul with a double-headed thing, and they got to be pretty good at it. They'd hit the spike pretty much. And that was the operation.

Then when they'd couple of hundred--well, a hundred feet or so, they'd highball the engine and they'd move that a little, and that brought the whole camp right with them. Everything except the outhouse, and most of the time that was help yourself, a big field out there.

Now, I failed, when I was talking about the cook part, was a demand for milk.

Mr. Riehle You mentioned that.

Mr. Maloney Milk was easy to get. Of course, that was before--well, I guess they'd already started to pasteurize milk, it was raw milk. But no doubt plenty of it around. We were out there where they had cows. But how you gonna keep it cool? By night it would be curdled. Noon it would be spoiled. We'd have it for breakfast but (unintelligible) bull cook wasn't out milking the cows. The issue was refrigeration. That was the same way with the food. You had a lot of corned beef and pork shoulder, stuff that had been in brine. And no fresh vegetables, everything was canned. And that's about what I remember of that.

Mr. Riehle So somewhere along here you encountered members of the IWW?

Mr. Maloney Well, when I --at night there was nothing to do. You'd get around a fire and the fire was there for the purpose of scaring off the mosquitoes.

Mr. Riehle How late did you work? What time did you quit?

Mr. Maloney Oh, usually around five, five-thirty. The gangs usually knocked off at five o'clock.

Mr. Riehle Then you had to take care of your horse?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, I did. The teamsters. I wasn't the only teamster, there was about 3 or 4 of them on that--they had a bunch of them ahead when they were grading the track through and stuff like that. And you know, God dammit, I don't know where the hay come from that we were using. It seems to me it was bales. Grain, yeah, that come in sacks, but I look back and now where did the God dam hay come from. I don't remember. But they didn't have no farmer coming in there with a hay rack. I'm sure it had to be baled hay that we were using.

Well, that was it. Now, at night, you had nothing to do. And it was not guaranteed, but about every night after chow and before you turned in, before it got too dark, they had a couple of hours at that time, or more, the older wobs [?], what I mean by older, guys that were in the wobbleys longer than me, they generally had a guy that was called the riding delegate. And his job was to ride trains, organize people, what they called--not organizing, lining

them up. Lined them up. Now, they also had an expression that a delegate that was packing the rigging, that meant that he had literature, song books, he could take your money, he could sell you defense stamps, and most wobs at that time, they had a little book about that size, well, you know what they are, probably 3 inches longer, inch and a half wide, and they had pages in there for defense stamps. And you'd pay a quarter or a dime or whatever to--I remember one of the big stamps was a Sacco Venzetti stamp. They were in jail at the time, and they were always hustling money for Sacco and Venzetti for something. And they had other stamps. So when you produced your books, most guys were proud of their stamps. And you--I guess you more or less determined the ability of a guy to be a good wob by his stamps.

Mr. Riehle How long were you working on this job before you became aware that there were wobbleys there?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle How long were you working on the job before you found out there were wobbleys there?

Mr. Maloney Well, I knew about it at the beginning.

Mr. Riehle At the beginning? How did you know that?

Mr. Maloney Well, through my step-dad.

Mr. Riehle But in specifically when you got out to this job, when did you first meet the--how did they indicate that they were members?

Mr. Maloney Uh, let me think now.

Mr. Riehle Was that at these gatherings after work?

Mr. Maloney No. A guy bumped me on the job about the first day or so. And he asked me if I rode the Jericho. Now that's some kind of symbol are you a wobbley.

Mr. Riehle Did you ride the Jericho?

Mr. Maloney Ride the road to Jericho. And I didn't understand that. The old man hadn't told me about that. That was my first encounter with it. How I asked about it, that was the expression I got. Now, he told me that they were trying to organize everybody on the job.

Mr. Riehle How old was this guy?

Mr. Maloney Oh, I was a kid, I was about 14. He was an old bastard to me, might have been 30.

Mr. Riehle Do you know what nationality he was?

Mr. Maloney Uh, no, he spoke good English, so he was obviously American born. A lot of them that didn't speak a lot of their own language, except their own language. And usually there was somebody around that could translate it. Because I remember in some of them--not on that particular job, but on other ones where there'd be Slavs and the wobs used to define them as Bohunks. And then there was the Scandinavians, a lot of the Scandinavians seemed to be better versed in English than the --what the wobs called the Bohunks. And some of them could hardly talk at all. And later on, my mother reminded me that her youngest brother, Jim, was a foreman for Stone and Webster at Bellingham. And they had a bunch of Greek laborers and he went down to tell them something and they were trying to tell him that they'd set a charge of dynamite, and they were trying to tell him and he was trying to tell them, no communication. They all got killed. Eleven of them and my uncle, at Bellingham. And right over here at the Yukon Exposition, he was in charge of buildings for Stone and Webster,

1903. He stayed with them, he was a superintendent. But a lot of them they almost had to translate. Not on that job.

Mr. Riehle So this guy asked you if you'd been on the road

Mr. Maloney He asked me if I knew about the industrial workers of the world. And I said a little bit. And I told him about my dad. And then he was kind of receptive to me. "Well", he said, "are you considering joining?" I said, "I've got no argument." I'd join, I don't know what I give, 50 cents.

Mr. Riehle Did he give you a book then?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. He gave you a book.

Mr. Riehle this was--where was this conversation? After work in the

Mr. Maloney Yeah, as I recall it was a day or so after I went to work. At night.

Mr. Riehle Did he call you off to one side and talk?

Mr. Maloney No, he was open about it. We were just talking. He asked me where I was from, how old I was, where I was bound, where I was going. Then he explained about the wobbleys, what they were, and I said, well, my old man, my step-dad, I didn't tell him my

step-dad, "my old man told me quite a bit about it." So he filled me in and then there was other guys too.

Mr. Riehle — That belonged?

Mr. Maloney — Yeah. And, of course, I was on 2 or 3 of them jobs where they were laying track, at one end or the other. And I liked the B&B jobs after I knew what they were because they weren't high ball.

Mr. Riehle — What do you mean by that?

Mr. Maloney — Well, a gaffer wasn't on your back, hurry up, Jesus Christ, let's go.

Mr. Riehle — Who was the gaffer?

Mr. Maloney — The gaffer is the foreman that's running the gang.

Mr. Riehle — They called him the gaffer?

Mr. Maloney — Gaffer, yes. He's the gaffer. And he's not the superintendent. In factory language, he'd be a kind of a straw boss. Jesus Christ, we'll never get a mile a day. And they're always talking about this mile a day. I was lucky to get a mile a week in my book. A mile of track is 5,000 feet. And when you have to keep moving and all that goes with it, that's mythical stuff. I guess that's

what they done in the transcontinental railroad in 1865 or something. That might have been days.

Mr. Riehle So you were building some kind of a spur track?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. This was a side track or something.

Mr. Riehle It wasn't right along the main line, it was going off somewhere?

Mr. Maloney It was headed away. The main line wasn't there. Because if you're on the main line you'd have to pull the trail and hold someplace.

Mr. Riehle So you weren't even where you could see the main line?

Mr. Maloney No. No. We were away from the main line. And so at night, I--you know, I don't know--they had to take the engine in for coal and water and I don't know how the hell they--I don't remember how the hell they done that. Whether they took the whole train with them. There was no place they could switch off. And at night, what the hell, if they're switching you're riding the rail in the boxcar, what's the difference, now you're stretched out in a bunk. The difference is you had your clothes off, or some of them. In the

boxcar you were laying there in your bindle, your blanket or whatever, piece of canvas, bunch of papers maybe.

Mr. Riehle So you gave them 50 cents to join

Mr. Maloney 50 cents. I don't think it was any more. Then you bought the stamps

Mr. Riehle You got a dues book?

Mr. Maloney You got a dues book. It was a thing about that long, 3 inches, inch and a half wide, maybe. Had a emblem of the wobbleys on top with pie I called it, the different divisions as I remember. And I paid 10 cents for a song book. And I give it to Phil Lalley's kid 2-3 years ago and I said now you better take care of that because I had that since 1925. And every time he's quite a guitarist, he sings and he--Phil was the president of the longshore union in Tacoma, we're pretty good friends, and no matter where he is, he stops and says he got that song out of a book that he got from me and that I got it in 1925 for 10 cents. Who ever heard of 10 cents? Not anymore.

Mr. Riehle Were there other members of the IWW on this job?

Mr. Maloney Oh, hell yes. I'd say half of them.

Mr. Riehle did they do any singing?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle did they do any singing out of the book?

Mr. Maloney No, they didn't. The gang I was with was too much separated. Now I never got on to that where they were laying the track. There they had a whole bunch of guys and they may have done it there. But the sailors have a word, they call it a chanty C-H-A-N-T-Y. And when they're hoisting the anchor or the sails where they got a big windlass like, a girdie, they sing there more or less to keep in step, I guess. But I didn't hear any singing there. Not there.

Mr. Riehle So what happened as a result of joining the IWW? Was there any job action or anything?

Mr. Maloney They were building up to it. And about--but I quit.

Mr. Riehle After about a month?

Mr. Maloney I was there about a month, six weeks. I quit because now the grain was getting ripe. And the farmers paid you by the hour for

thrashing, but they'd pay you by the day for shocking. After the grain was cut it was tied in bundles and as the reaper--they called it, but the binder's what the nickname was, would go down and cut a swath. There was 3 to 5 horses pulling the binder. One guy driving them and watching the mechanization. And they'd cut the grain with a sickle bar and it would move on canvas belts with little wooden cleats on it so it wouldn't pile up and keep going, and then they would tie. There was an automatic tier, and they'd kick the bundle out. Then your job was to pick up the bundle, one in each hand, and stand them on end with the head of the grain up. And you'd put 8-10 of them up so they'd stand up and wouldn't fall down. And they'd help dry the grain which, when they got to the separator, it would separate easy.

Mr. Riehle What was that job called?

Mr. Maloney Shocking S-H-O-C-K-I-N-G.

Mr. Riehle Standing them up on end

Mr. Maloney Yeah, you'd grab one in each hand and you made them--you seen soldiers stack their rifles up, that was shocking.

Mr. Riehle So you found a place to go to work doing that?

Mr. Maloney Oh, pretty near any farmer. And the advantage was you got 2, sometimes 2 and a half a day for shocking. The food was much better because you generally ate with the farmer's family or at another table.

Mr. Riehle So that's where you went from this railroad job, to a farm around there?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. I forget now where that was, it was out of Belle Fourche. And then when --and you got your board and room and you slept in the barn usually. That was really better in a lot of ways because the heat wasn't as intense. The stink and everything was absent. And generally the farmer had a water tank and you could crawl in--jump in there and get a cold-water bath, which was not available on the railroads. There was no showers, no bathrooms, no facilities to wash your clothes. When you're shocking, the farmers always had wash tubs and scrub boards and you could--it was a better go. And you didn't pay 85 cents a day for food. The food was much better. The farmers always had milk on the table, 3-4 days a week. A lot of them farmers used to harvest their own

ice in the wintertime, so they had some degree of refrigeration, maybe not enough for all summer, but then there was the ability normally when you were working with a farmer, threshing or shocking, most of them were pretty religious. They'd knock off during the day and you'd--the farmer's wife would come out in the field with a little old wagon, one horse maybe, with a wash tub, she'd have a couple of sheets in there to make it clean looking, and there'd be lunch. Coffee time. Some of them, I'd be on them jobs where they brought you out a bottle of beer. They made their own beer. And those, of course, were never around in them jobs. And you always ate better and it was money. When you went threshing, that was 50 cents an hour. And that lasted--those jobs would last oh, depending on how big a circuit, most farmers didn't own their own separators, if they did they had a group of them, and then they'd work out a schedule how they'd thresh the grain. It couldn't be too long because if the guy that owned the separator had too much of a route the guy on the tail end couldn't get his grain and he'd lose it or it would spoil more, it rained or bad weather would set in.

Mr. Riehle Was this all wheat?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle Was this all wheat?

Mr. Maloney No, there was wheat, barley, flax, rye, five or six small grains. Wheat, rye, barley, boy, that barley was tough to shock.

Mr. Riehle What was that?

Mr. Maloney They had little spurs on the grain itself, on the head, on the tassel, they called it. God damn it, they'd stick you and they were like bed bugs biting you. And that was the way that we handled the shocking and the threshing. Always on threshing you'd have lunch, some farmers would bring you out beer. And the women were always eager to show off their cooking skills and their ability to you know set a good table, as they called it. Nice. And a lot of it was pretty God damned good food. Because you were eating with the farmer. You weren't in there with the boarding contracting, that's another story. That's altogether different from what we're talking about now.

Mr. Riehle So you worked the rest of that summer doing that in 1925?

Mr. Maloney I stayed there threshing from one to another for a good month to 6 weeks. And then I went back on the Milwaukee and I went up to Miles City. And I worked there a few days on a pipeline.

Mr. Riehle Doing what?

Mr. Maloney Well, at first, I was a laborer. They were building a pipeline and they were laying pipe. They had a

Mr. Riehle A pipe for what? Oil?

Mr. Maloney Gas. I think it was natural gas. And they'd already excavated the ditch to put it in. And we were painting it with tar or whatever

Mr. Riehle Was that cast iron pipe?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle Cast iron pipe?

Mr. Maloney No. It was steel that had been rolled and it had the seams. They were sections of pipe and then they had what they called live boom cats. Small Catepillar tractors and it didn't take me long to get the savvy of them, there was nothing to them.

Mr. Riehle They were steam powered?

Mr. Maloney No, gas.

Mr. Riehle Gasoline engines?

Mr. Maloney Yes, there was no diesel yet, it was all gas. And what they'd do, they had a boom, you could raise this boom, that was easy done, you had a boom and 3 or 4 of you together, one in here and there, you'd pick it up. And then they had welders and they'd weld the pipes together. And then when you got already, you'd lay them in the ditch.

Mr. Riehle What kind of welding was it? Gas or electric?

Mr. Maloney Arc, electric. Yes, they had gasoline driven welders. And I stayed there oh a couple of weeks or more.

Mr. Riehle On this pipeline job?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. And I didn't intend to stay much longer, so I come back to Minneapolis.

Mr. Riehle From Miles City?

Mr. Maloney Miles City.

Mr. Riehle You just caught a freight train and went back?

Mr. Maloney Oh, of course, what else? How could you go? There was no cars on the road and where were they going? If a guy was in a car he was going to the next city. They didn't have the idea yet of the company sending out salesmen in cars. That come along 2-3 years later. In 1929, I had a job in Minneapolis for a big glass company and they had 7 or 8 salesmen out on the road and it was something new. They had 1928 Model A Ford coupes for their salesmen. And before that, the salesmen used to travel on trains, come to a city, rent a room in a hotel, and the customers would come in there. The whole thing changed right about that time. So I come on back into Minneapolis.

Mr. Riehle Now, that picture you showed me when you're with the 2 horses, where's that from? Is that from

Mr. Maloney That picture was taken on that job out of Belle Fourche, South Dakota.

Mr. Riehle The railroad job?

Mr. Maloney Yeah.

Mr. Riehle So you got back to Minneapolis in August?

Mr. Maloney Oh, hell no. In October. About October. And let's see now, that was the fall of '25. I got a job--no, I went back to the Dayton Company and worked in the delivery--well, in shipping room, delivery room, it was all the same thing.

Mr. Riehle So that was it for school?

Mr. Maloney What?

Mr. Riehle That was it for school? You weren't going to school anymore?

Mr. Maloney Oh, hell no. I

Mr. Riehle You finished 8th grade

Mr. Maloney I finished 8th grade. In order--my birthday's in September, and in 1925, when I was 14, my mother had to go with me down to the city to get a minor M-I-N-O-R permit.

Mr. Riehle To work?

Mr. Maloney To work. And the only way you could get that was to say that you were going to learn a trade. So I snooped around and I got a job on the Minneapolis/St. Paul and St. Louis, M and St. L.

Mr. Riehle At Cedar Lake?

Mr. Maloney No. Uh, it was downtown. They were on Second Avenue and about Third Street. In a big building. And I was going to learn to be a telegrapher. So I went to work there. That was in order to get that and they had to agree they'd employ me and I'd be an apprentice there to be a telegrapher. So I would have to come down at 7 o'clock in the morning and work till 4 in the afternoon.

Mr. Riehle As an apprentice telegrapher?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. And what I was was an office boy, an errand boy. So the telegraphers would get the reports in. I never got to sit down behind dot, dit, dit, dit or nothing. Never had a key in my hand. I didn't intend to stay there. So I was to take the reports would come in where the trains were, the make-up where the equipment was, I was to take it down to the head guy, his name was--I remember him well, he was a big, fat, son of a bitch, E.J. Sturdevant was his name. And I first went to work there and the first thing he told me was that I was going to be a telegrapher. And the first thing I had to do--he didn't tell me I must, but he suggested, you go out and get yourself a God dam good railroad watch. Everything around here runs on the minute. So I worked

there 2-3 days or so and the night telegrapher--I think he had a little jug with him and he'd have a nippy during the night. And they had a name, consist (ph), they'd type out a whole bunch of where the equipment was, and that come through at a certain hour and it was supposed to be on the desk of this Sturdevant in the morning at 8 o'clock when he come there.

Well, the night telegrapher, I don't know if he slept or got drunk or what, well he didn't get it done. It come in later, too. But he didn't get the first report so when I got there in the morning at 7 o'clock it wasn't ready. Not every morning. A couple of times it was. Well, about I'd been there 2-3 days and this guy got a hold of me, Sturdevant, "where's that report?" And he's bawling me out. Well, I can't snitch and say that the telegraph operator is layed over drunk so I had to take his tongue lashing.

Well, then they shifted, I guess and I worked another week. They rotated or something. Well, that guy used to take them down. And I was going to wait and get a month's pay. They held back 2 weeks. I don't know what I had in my mind anyway, I was going to get a month's pay. Now, it come back that this guy's again

printing the things up late so this guy jumps me again, I go in to Sturdevant and he said to me, "have you been

End side B

Mr. Riehle And I finally told him off. I said, "I didn't come down here to get insulted." I said, "I'm just starting in, I ain't got a watch." I couldn't snitch on the guy but what the hell, what's it going to do me, get him out of a job or what. So I said, "You can take this God damn job and shove it in your ass." And I walked out of his office. That ended my railroad career. Except for boxcar. And then again I went back to work at Daytons or Donaldsons. You could always go to work at one of them places.

Mr. Riehle Delivering?

Mr. Maloney Huh?

Mr. Riehle Delivering?

Mr. Maloney Delivering, helping. Sometimes--most times, I was driving by now. But sometimes you'd get a job as a helper.

Mr. Riehle So when did you get in contact with the IWW again?

Mr. Maloney Well, when I come back that fall I went down--I want to say it was on Marquette between Second Street and Washington. And, of course, as conversation goes on for a couple of months, you talk with people you get interested. And I was curious. My step-dad

had give me some information and while we were on the job there they were getting up demands to --I don't know how they were going to do it, I wasn't that astute. But what they were demanding, and they're written there, so many men to the boxcar, the roofs had to be painted white to reflect the heat, screens, showers, and places to do laundry and so on.

And all those things that you would expect on a decent job. And they were pretty much universal, no matter what job you went on.

Mr. Riehle Did you get to know this guy that recruited you?

Mr. Maloney Never knew him at all. He went his way and I went mine. And them riding delegates, you know, they'd stop in, they'd do what they could, they'd go on--I didn't know all their working rules. Everything was volunteer, you know, they weren't on no salary.

Mr. Riehle So when you got back to Minneapolis, you looked for the headquarters?

Mr. Maloney Yeah, I went down there because one of the things they used to tell you--you want to learn about our organization you have to read. And you'd go to the reading rooms, the wobs always had reading rooms. No matter where they were. They had papers, the

wobbly paper, all kind of well I guess we'd say Bolshevik literature. And so I went down there and then they used to have street meetings.

Mr. Riehle In front of the headquarters?

Mr. Maloney No. The street meetings were usually held on Washington. There was an area--there used to be at the junction of Hennepin and Nicollet, that was a kind of terminal for street cars. No streetcars on Nicollet, they had buses. Hennepin Avenue, Washington Avenue was a kind of thoroughfare. They had a big station, it was kind of on a triangle, it went from Washington to Second Street and on the sharp end of it they had a park, and in the summertime they'd have trees and flowers growing. In the wintertime, they'd pile the snow up there. They called it the comfort station. Now, going towards St. Paul from Nicollet, that was between Nicollet and Hennepin on the north side of Washington. Going towards St. Paul, towards Third Avenue, is where they used to hold the meetings. The regular ones. It was a block or two walk from the hall. And they generally held them on Washington Avenue because that's where the traffic was. It's

surprising a half a block away on Second Avenue there was hardly anybody there except down there there was a couple of them working class restaurants, the Red Front and a couple of more. But then on Washington Avenue, they had 3 or 4 big saloons, had been, the Stockholm, the White House, the Valhalla, there were four of them, the Congress. They in the early days before the ~~Ralstead~~ VOLSTEAD [?] Act, before the country went dry, they'd been big saloons and the old man told me that they had lunch counters but they also had free lunches. And it was between Nicollet--let's see it's Nicollet, Marquette, Second Avenue, and Third Avenue, as I remember the streets. They were generally between Hennepin and Second Avenue because between Second Avenue and Third Avenue on the north side was the big post office building and the Federal Building. Right across the street, across Third Avenue was a--was that the Milwaukee Depot or the Northwestern used to come in there. Because C.R. ~~Hedland~~ HEDLUND used to come down there. I can see him yet looking at his watch all starched up, he had them overalls all starched, he had a jacket the same way and a big white cap. Here and kind of a cup on them, he had his watch

in one hand and the oil can in the other. I can see him yet. He was a hog head on the 400. First one. He had seniority, C.R. did, I forget about his brother where he worked, but C.R. ~~Hedland~~ Hedlund was on the 400. So the meetings that the wobbleys held were usually on Washington Avenue from Nicollet to Second Avenue.

Now, also there was all the job sharks. The employment offices the crimp [?] joints where the guys would hustle you a job. You go out and go to work on the railroads or in the woods or on a construction job. They had signs up and they had guys out on the streets hawking the jobs, chipping in the woods today, skinners and top loaders or swampers and fallers and they always you walked on the company time when they were hustling you. And you got out of the job you walked on your own time. And so on for that. But that's where the wobbleys used to meet.

And then they had their meeting hall and they'd hold meetings regularly. I'd go down. What the hell, you didn't have much to do and no money to do it. It was naturally you went there. And I went around there until oh, Skoglund used to get on my butt because he'd considered long before that the wobbleys was not in

his class what he wanted to do. But I stayed, I paid dues, got the paper at my house, and I used to wear their buttons and Carl would get on my case, "God damn it, brother yak", he said, "the wobbleys do good but they don't do political" and he'd lecture me about the wobs.

But that's where I had my--in there. But then I was on several other jobs where wobbleys were concerned. And one of them was on the NP, and there again, they were building a branch line to an elevator. It was elevators in North Dakota, loaded with elevators. And they put tracks in to bring in the boxcars. In them days, the wheat was transported in boxcars and you'd sometimes get jobs there at the elevators. It was pretty rugged work. They'd blow the boxcar loaded with grain through the doors and to begin with to get them up to the elevator you had to put grain doors in them. They were big, double, lapped over pieces of rough cut 1x12, inch thick, all rough cut, no (unintelligible), all rough. Nailed together they were about 10' long. And you had to get in the car and where the door was you had--the door was say like 6' or 8', there was always a couple of foot of the grain door, they called it, on either

end. So you had to nail them in and depending on the size of the car and how many tons were going in you had to put them up 2, usually always 2, but sometimes they went 3.

Mr. Riehle 3 what?

Mr. Maloney 3--they were about like that, 2' and about 10'. You nailed them in so the grain wouldn't run against the doors. So when they got to where they wanted to unload it the door and the grain wouldn't be there and it would fall out on the ground. That would be a barrier and when they got to the elevator where they were going to unload it you'd knock out them things. And usually when you got into the elevator they had a thing like what they called a Mormon board, you had a board oh about like that that had 2 handles on it. It was 4' wide, you'd drag it back in the car and then your partner had a girdie.

Mr. Riehle What's a girdie?

Mr. Maloney A girdie is --oh, depending on ships, held her that way. They're a thing that revolves, they're smooth. They've got a shoulder on each end so that you don't run off and you want to hoist anything you keep throwing turns on. And if it's a heavy object, you've got

to have more. And then, when you get where you want to stop, you take the strain off it, you hold one end and that binds it, two or three times over this button scooped and you get power that way. And when you get as far as you want to go, you throw off a turn or just take the strain off and it will surge. It's on a shaft and it's very common on fishing boats and ships and everyplace. It's so you can get power right away.

But there we were building--I got that job on the street in (unintelligible) Montana and I worked there as a laborer.

Mr. Riehle For the NP on

Mr. Maloney It was an NP job.

Mr. Riehle Building this track to an elevator?

Mr. Maloney Huh?

Mr. Riehle Building a track to an elevator?

Mr. Maloney Well, to a town called Stedvig S-T-I-P something like that. Almost on the border.

Mr. Riehle Where?

Mr. Maloney Out of Glendive, north out of Glendive. We were about--and that was pretty much a wobbly controlled job and they had --I don't know, did they have an office or what there, they had a place to meet in Glendive. There was quite a few people on that job. And I worked there a little bit, but Christ, if you could go threshing--(unintelligible) board and room was a buck a day extra when you're only getting 2-3 dollars a day. What the hell. The food was better, your opportunity to take--not a bath but to do the next best, get a bucket or an old wash tub and that's better than nothing, Dave, and you often could wash your clothes. See, on all these jobs there was no laundry facilities. And your clothes can get pretty God dam ripe, Dave, when you're working and sweating, and some of them guys used to wear what they call thousand mile shirts. They were kind of a black shirt. The theory is a thousand miles, you could travel a thousand miles and they'd still look clean because they were black, they didn't show the dirt. That's what the thousand mile shirt come from.

And God, them guys that wore them, the perspiration rings under their arms some days it would be bigger and it was always you

could tell how long the guy had been baths you know. And in pretty near all the barber shops in them small towns they had an opportunity for you to come and take a bath. It cost you more to take a bath than to get a haircut by far, because they furnished you a tub, it was clean. They had rooms in the barber shops and the sign would be up, haircut, shave, bath. And they attracted more people for the bath than they did for haircuts. So normally the guys used to go in to get their hair cut and then they'd go and take a bath. They'd wash their head and everything else.

So there in Glendive, I was a laborer on that job and again I didn't stay too long on that one. But I was on about 4 of them jobs.

Mr. Riehle That the IWW was on?

Mr. Maloney Yeah. And they always had about the same demands, and I've got them written out in Gladys' stuff, showers, fresh milk, so many men to a boxcar or to a room, and certain facilities. Even demands were for toilet paper. You're out there in the God damn weeds, Dave, and you've got to take a crap, where do you go? Where's the toilet paper, it's a big thing. They had none of those things. The wobs, that was always on their demands, fresh milk,

showers, mattresses, no straw ticks, if you're not familiar, a straw tick was made out of what my mother used to call pillow tubing. Years ago, when they used feathers from chickens, they had a kind of a heavy canvas it had a gray and black strip in it. They called it pillow ticking. Well, the mattresses you'd get on them construction jobs were a big--like a pillow case, but bigger, 6' long, 2' across, and some of the more articulate wobs used to say the size of the mattress from here to here and the length. But they wanted mattresses. No straw ticks because these tubing that they made, maybe 2 and a half feet wide, it had buttons on one end, you fill them up with straw. That was the mattress. Well, after a couple of nights the thing is all pressed, the straw is piled up. So every night when you're going to go to bed, you shake the God damn tick. And one of the demands was mattresses, no straw ticks. And they wanted on a lot of jobs that weren't so prominent they wanted condiments, they wanted mustard, vinegar on the table. That was common on ships, but in the wobs they wanted condiments. They didn't go for serviettes or napkin rings, but they wanted condiments and some wanted crockery cups, not the tin cups, and one guy said you could always tell the

guy that goes to the Salvation Army, you know, you go in there and they serve you coffee and donuts, the calluses on his lips from the tin cup you can tell he's a Sally stiff, they had names for them. The wobs had names for everything, names for people and those days when you got arrested, which you commonly did, never give your right name. You didn't have to up until 1937, Dave.

Mr. Riehle What happened in 1937?

Mr. Maloney Social Security. You had to have your snitch card with you. The wobs called that the snitch card.

Mr. Riehle Social security card?

Mr. Maloney Yes, the snitch card. You're snitching on yourself. And that was required then. Every time you went to a job, what's your social justice number. But before that and they had conjugated all kinds of things, different nicknames and when you went--the wobs had a name where you got cold and you couldn't sleep and there was no chance of getting in the sand house, some places had sand houses for the engines in the wintertime, and the sand would warm because if it was warm, and it had to be if there was moisture in it, it wouldn't come out the sanders. So the sand

house was always warm but you couldn't always get in there. So you'd go to the jailhouse and tell them you've got to find a place to sleep. The wobbleys had a name for that, they called it hotel degink D-E capital G-I-N-K that meant you were down at the station. And during the Depression years you could pretty near tell guys that they--you didn't go to the jailhouse then, the government had flop houses and they used to de-louse you there. You could smell, it took you about 3 hours in the morning to get that smell out of your clothes because for bugs, lice, and these jobs, pretty near all of them, were full of lice, full of bed bugs. And the constant demand was bedding, clean bedding. You were paying for it, Dave. You were paying in most cases 15 cents a day for blankets. You were paying a buck a day for blankets. Jesus, most of them you had to carry your own, they called it a bindle B-I-N-D-L-E. You had a piece of canvas, usually on the outside, and a quilt or two. Never bother with the sheets, you never took your clothes off. You rolled your shoes off and put them under your head so nobody would steal them while you were traveling. And you didn't have sheets you had a quilt or a blanket and a piece of canvas that you rolled it in. That's what they called a bindle.

So a guy that was properly equipped, he had a bindle, blanket or a quit inside of it, and whatever personal necessities he had wrapped up in a towel, razor or toothbrush, and that was it.

Mr. Riehle I think we're going to have to stop here.

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